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AS SUNG AT THE

ROYALTY-THEATRE.

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WITH THE

CATCHES *and* GLEES.

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BY

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Mr. CHAMBERS.

Mr. HUDSON.

Mr. DORRION.

Master BRAHAM.

AND

Mr. W. PALMER.

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For J. GRIFFITHS, PROMPTER.

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THE

ALLACREONOMIC SONS

AS SUGGESTED BY

MR. B. A. N. I. S. T. H. R.

WITH THE

CATCHES AND CLUES

The Book of the

ROYAL THEATRE

BY

MR. B. A. N. I. S. T. H. R.

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For J. O. R. I. T. I. S. P. R. O. M. P. T. E. R.

M. D. C. C. L. X. V. I. I.

S O N G.

Mr. B A N N I S T E R.

To Anacreon, in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
 A few fons of harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be,
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:
 " Voice, fiddle, and flute,
 " No longer be mute,
 " I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot;
 " And, besides, I'll instruct you like me to intwine,
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew;
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs:—
 " If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,
 " The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
 " Hark! (already they cry,
 " In transports of joy,)
 " Away to the fons of Anacreon we'll fly,
 " And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

" The

" The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids
" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
" And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be:
" My thunder, no fear on't,
" Shall soon do it's errand,
" And, damn me, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant;
" I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
" Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below:
" Your thunder is useless."—Then, shewing his laurel,
Cried, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
" Then over each head
" My laurel I'll spread,
" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
" Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially 'twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join.
" The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall
be mine.
" Then, Jove, be not jealous
" Of these honest fellows:"
Cried Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now tell us.
" And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall intwine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand ;
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love :
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd ;
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united, and free ;
 And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

CATCHES.

The night of June 11, 1861, when the
And long and long in the morning
Nay, our hearts were united, and true
On the 11th of June
Whether we were
You're the nation of gods, and of men of love,
The woman in support, what is highly plain,
Factive, and love
To love of America, when your hand is held

CHARTER

CATCHES, GLEES, &c.

G L E E.

For Three Voices.

Come, come, all noble souls, who, skill'd in music's art,
Do join in this society to bear a part ;
For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink, and sing,
And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring.
The muses nine shall know, and all most plainly see,
Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

C A T C H.

For Three Voices.

Hark ! the bonny Christ-church bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
They sound so woundy great, so wond'rous sweet,
And they troul so merrily, merrily.
Hark ! the first and second bell, that every day at four
and ten,
Cry come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the verger trips before the dean.
Tingle tingle ting, goes the small bell, at nine,
To call the beerer's home ;
But the de'il a man will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

GLEE

(10)

G L E E

For Three Voices.

1st.

We three archers be,
Rangers that rove through the north country,
Lovers of ven'son and liberty,
That value not honours nor money.

2d.

We three good fellows be,
That never yet ran from three times three,
Quarter-staff, broad-sword, or bowmanry,
But give us fair play, for our money,

3d.

We three merry-men be,
At a las, or glafs, under green-wood tree,
Jocundly chaunting our ancient glee,
Though we have not a penny of money.

G L E E

For Four Voices.

Hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chalic'd flow'rs that lies.
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With ev'ry thing, that pretty is;
My lady sweet, arise.

GLEE

(11)

G L E E.

For Three Voices.

Beviamo tutti tre,
Uno a la volta,
Voglio bene,
Signor sì.
Obligato signori miei,
Viva, viva,
Bravo, bravo,
Oh che gusto star allegri
è bever del bon vin.

G L E E

For Three Voices.

Now we're met, like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing old Rose and burn the bellows.
When the bowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then is the time to sing old Rose,
And burn the bellows.

T H E E N D.

h
ons

G L E

For this is the
Reverend man
This is a
Vigilant
Obliged again
Viva, viva
Primo, primo
O for the sake of the
I never did see you

G L E

For this is the
Now we're met, the festival
Let us do as we can
Sing the song and dance the dance
Which the bowl with claret glows
And with wine upon the nose
O then is the time for old songs
And burn the bones

T H E E N D